6-15-81

Dear Harold - Call it telepathy. So help me, for the past 2 weeks I have been needling myself with the question how come you + I have lost touch. The question, as I figure, took off + penetrated the consciousness of the party of the second part. I thank you.

I wish your letter had had better news to impart. All along I knew about your vascular impairment but took it to mean only - or so I hoped - that you couldn't go jogging or play tennis, which would put you strongly on my class. Now I am cheered by your optimistic note sounded at the close of your letter + the plan for resumption of work after the ordeal of repeated surgery.

But I think also of how hard it was on Lil. Please give her a hug for me + one for Harriet. What about her eyes?

You may be wondering about my re-marriage: It has made H. + me drunk with happiness, from the beginning to this moment, + happy people being bores there is nothing more to say on that score. But happy people are not insulated from close calls on the surgeon's knife. A year ago last April H. after working for many months day + night, took a 6-months leave from her job. We rented an apartment in Herzlea, Israel + took off from Kennedy in high spirits. In the air H., suddenly + without previous warning, found it impossible to take a deep breath. We landed, put ourselves in the hands of doctors, + 2 days later flew back home. Let me add a word to your vocabulary: pulmonectomy. (Throw away your cigar. If memory serves me: Lil doesn't smoke.)

I wish for your surgery the same outcome as Harriet's: complete cure, no qualifications.

Our son Eric – do you remember him? He was at college when you visited us – is copy-editing on a newspaper in Patterson, N.J. Were you a reporter on a Wilmington or a Washington newspaper before you worked for the La Follett (Spelling?) Committee?

Tell Li/ that H. built a magnificent room + bath above our kitchen. Two walls ~~are~~ consist mainly of glass overlooking the garden + woods so that this room is our favorite hangout. And in this, our best room, her (Li's) afghan has a proud place. It sets colorfully on our handsome cedar chest whence on occasions it is moved to warm my legs on the couch opposite.

H. is back at work although not fully recovered. Some day, some lovely day, we four will be in the same room together with a bottle on the table + warmth for one another in our hearts –

Joe